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# THE MASK

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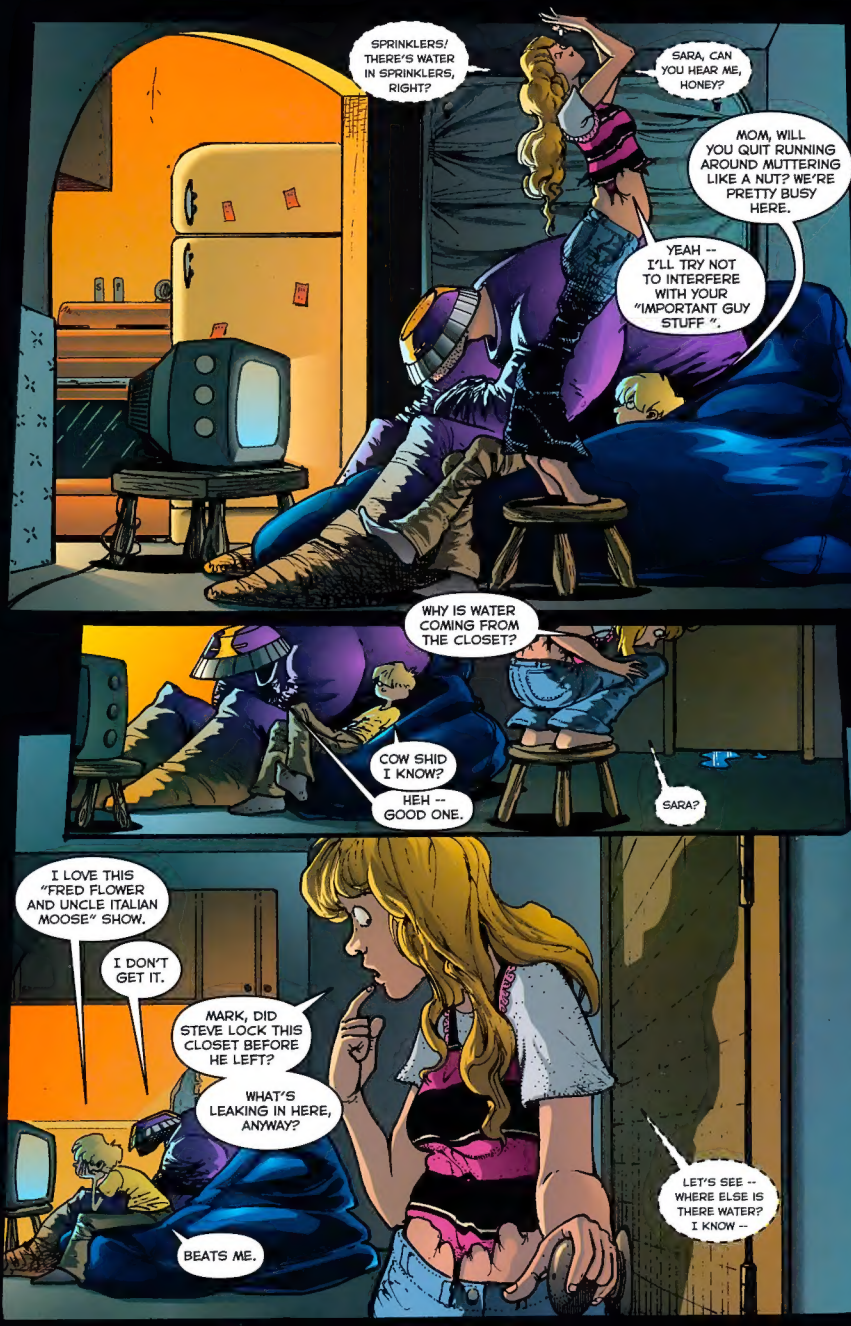
PRINTED IN CANADA.

SARA?
I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GONNA FIND HER IN *THERE!*
UH... RIGHT, I MUST LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT.
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT, WEARING THIS STUPID OUTFIT. AT LEAST WHEN I WAS PART RABBIT, THE MASK WAS PART OF MY FACE.
NOW THAT I'M A MAN, I'M JUST A DORK WITH A LAMPSHADE.
I THINK IT'S CUTE.
DAVE, COME HERE -- YOU'RE GONNA MISS IT!


SPRINKLERS/ THERE'S WATER IN SPRINKLERS, RIGHT?
SARA, CAN YOU HEAR ME, HONEY?
MOM, WILL YOU QUIT RUNNING AROUND MUTTERING LIKE A NUT? WE'RE PRETTY BUSY HERE.
YEAH -- I'LL TRY NOT TO INTERFERE WITH YOUR "IMPORTANT GUY STUFF".
WHY IS WATER COMING FROM THE CLOSET?
COW SHID I KNOW?
HEH -- GOOD ONE.
SARA?
I LOVE THIS "FRED FLOWER AND UNCLE ITALIAN MOOSE" SHOW.
I DON'T GET IT.
MARK, DID STEVE LOCK THIS CLOSET BEFORE HE LEFT?
WHAT'S LEAKING IN HERE, ANYWAY?
BEATS ME.
LET'S SEE -- WHERE ELSE IS THERE WATER? I KNOW --

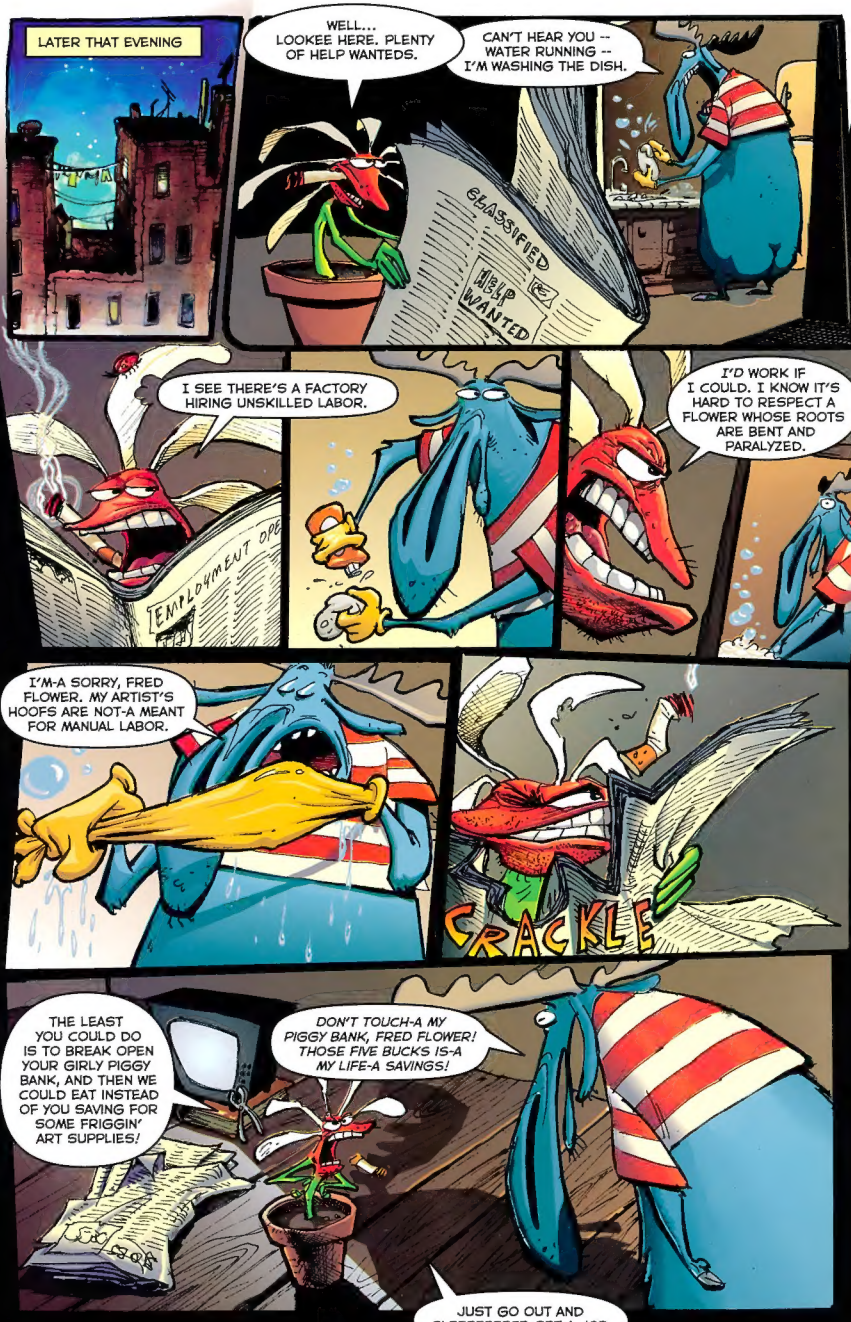
DON'T WORRY, HONEY -- DADDY LOST YOU, BUT WE'LL GET YOU BACK.
SARA... ARE YOU THERE?
THIS IS NUTS. I CAN'T KEEP TALKING TO TOILETS AND FAUCETS THE REST OF MY LIFE. THIS IS EITHER GRIEF, OR SARA'S NOT DEAD, OR GONE'S PLAYING MIND GAMES WITH ME.
PEOPLE DON'T COME BACK FROM THE AFTERLIFE AS TALKING WATER. *RUNNING* WATER, MAYBE -- WELL, AT LEAST I HAVEN'T LOST MY SENSE OF HUMOR...
MEANWHILE, MARK AND MAXX BLISSFULLY WATCH THE BOOB TOOB, WHILE I RIDE THE CHOO CHOO TO BONKERSVILLE.
GOD, THIS SHOW IS STUPID. WHY DOES THAT MOOSE STAY WITH THAT FLOWER GUY, ANYWAY?
OH, WELL -- AT LEAST MARK'S BONDING WITH *SOMEONE*...
FRED FLOWER AND UNCLE ITALIAN MOOSE SHOW
*"UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S THE TV..."*
*And now let's join Uncle Italian Moose and Fred Flower...*

OK, LET'S SEE. NINE MONTHS BEHIND ON RENT...
GAS TURNED OFF.
SIX-FOOT MOOSE THAT WON'T WORK.
NO FOOD AND DOWN TO MY LAST PACK OF CIGARETTES,
AND THE ONLY THING KEEPING US WARM IS THE GLOW OF THIS CRAPPY TV.
YET THE WARM-A GLOW OF THE TV ECHOES THE WARM-A GLOW OF OUR FRIENDSHIP.
YEAH AND WE'D BE WARMED BY SOMETHING OTHER THAN THE SPANISH CHANNEL IF YOU HADN'T BROKEN THE STUPID *KNOB*.
BUT I *LIKE-A* THE SPANISH CHANNEL. "SABADO GIGANTE"... NOW *THAT'S-A* SHOW!
BUT YOU DON'T SPEAK SPANISH.
IS-A THAT-A CRIME?

FLOWER WOULDN'T BE MINDIN' A BEER RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
OK, WE'RE PLAYING *THIS* GAME -- MAKE THE FLOWER GET HIS OWN BEER...
OK, I'LL GET MY *OWN* BEER.
THUMP!
NO, NO -- DON'T GET UP... UNGH... MAN, THIS POT'S HEAVY!
GOD, THE PAIN!!!
OK-A, FRED FLOWER, I'LL-A GET IT.
NO, NO -- YOU STAY WARM IN FRONT OF THE TV.
I THINK-A FRED FLOWER CAN-A MOVE PRETTY FAST WHEN HE WANNA.
YOU THINK I'M FAKIN'?!? 'CAUSE IF YOU THINK I'M FAKIN' --
KNOCK KNOCK KN
IT'S-A EMPTY. YOU AND THE NUN DRANK 'EM ALL A-LAST-A NIGHT.
OH YEAH. I FORGOT. GREAT -- WHO'S AT THE DOOR?

I BET IT'S-A YOUR FRIEND, REGINA.
MENTION IT, AND YER A DEAD MOOSE.
♪ SHE'S GOT AN EYE PATCH... SHE'S GOT AN EYE... ♪
HI REGINA -- NICE HAIR.
HEY, MOOSE. LIKE MY NEW BLACK EYE PATCH?
WHAT EYE PATCH?
OKAY...
HEY! I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS TO WRESTLING TONIGHT. IF FRED'S NOT HERE, YOU WANNA GO?
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
WRESTLING? I'M THERE!
HEY BABE -- WE GOT A COUPLA HOURS BEFORE THE FIRST BOUT. HAVE A SEAT.
SURE.
WHUMP
I TELL YA, REG -- SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHY I PUT UP WITH THAT BLUE MOOSE.
WHY DO YOU GUYS STAY TOGETHER, ANYWAY?
I CAN'T LOSE THE GUY. I MADE ONE MISTAKE.
I SAVED HIS BUTT IN DESERT STORM. NOW MR. ANTLERS THINKS HE OWES ME HIS LIFE.
BOOM
RAT RAT RAT RAT

WOW! NO WONDER YOU'RE BUDS. WAS HE WITH THE ITALIAN TROOPS?
NO, MOOSE TROOPS.
FRED, DO YOU KNOW A TOBACCO-CHEWING NUN'S SITTING NEXT TO YOU?
FRED, DO YOU REALIZE A ONE-EYED GIRL IN FLANNEL'S SITTING NEXT TO YOU?
REG, SISTER MURRY. SISTER MURRY, REG.
SPIT TOOIE
NICE TO MEET YA.
HEY.
I HEAR YOU PROMISED NOT TO GUILT TRIP THE MOOSE INTO GOING BACK TO WORK.
UH...
YOU GONNA LET HIM BE AN ARTIST? RIGHT.
WIPE WIPE
ER...
♪♪THERE'RE TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE OF TRANDESCENTIAL BEAUTY.♪♪
THAT'S-A RIGHT. YOU PROMISED-A, FRED FLOWER. SOMEDAY, I'LL-A BE SO FAMOUS, WE'LL LIVE IN...
...LUXURY'S LAP!
WUMP!
SPLAT
SHE'S... INTERESTING...
♪LOOK AT ME, I'M AS HELPLESS AS A KITTEN...♪
:SIGH: SOMEBODY SHOOT ME.


LATER THAT EVENING
WELL... LOOKEE HERE. PLENTY OF HELP WANTEDS.
CAN'T HEAR YOU -- WATER RUNNING -- I'M WASHING THE DISH.
CLASSIFIED
HELP WANTED
I SEE THERE'S A FACTORY HIRING UNSKILLED LABOR.
EMPLOYMENT OPP
I'D WORK IF I COULD. I KNOW IT'S HARD TO RESPECT A FLOWER WHOSE ROOTS ARE BENT AND PARALYZED.
I'M-A SORRY, FRED FLOWER. MY ARTIST'S HOOFS ARE NOT-A MEANT FOR MANUAL LABOR.
CRACKLE
THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS TO BREAK OPEN YOUR GIRLY PIGGY BANK, AND THEN WE COULD EAT INSTEAD OF YOU SAVING FOR SOME FRIGGIN' ART SUPPLIES!
DON'T TOUCH-A MY PIGGY BANK, FRED FLOWER! THOSE FIVE BUCKS IS-A MY LIFE-A SAVINGS!
JUST GO OUT AND PLEEEEEEEZE GET A JOB.

I'M A CARICATURIST -- THAT'S-A MY JOB.
EVERYBODY DRAWS A BIG-A HEAD AN' A LEETLE BODY. BUT I'M-A ORIGINAL.
I DRAW LEETLE HEADS WITH BIG-A BODIES.
YEAH -- THAT'S ORIGINAL ALRIGHT.
WHAT KIND OF IDIOT ARE YOU? MY HEAD'S SO SMALL YOU'VE MADE MY WIFE CRY!
THAT'LL BE FIVE-A BUCKS-A, PLEASE.
THE WORLD IS NOT READY FOR AN ARTIST LIKE UNCLE ITALIAN MOOSE.
ART SUPPLIES
GIVE
CRUMPLE
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.
HOW CAN YOU-A SAY THAT, FRED FLOWER?
OK, THE WORLD'S READY.
YOU MOCK-A ME, FRED FLOWER. I WOULD-A GO BACK TO WORK -- BUT I-A CAN'T. MAYBE YOU COULD GET A JOB THAT DOESN'T NEED-A LEGS.
YEAH, LIKE A DOORSTOP.
IT'S A JOB.

OK -- I CAN SEE WHAT'S GONNA HAVE TO HAPPEN *HERE.*
WHUMP
:SIGH:
FINE! I'M GONNA HAVE TO *KILL* MYSELF, DRAGGIN' *MY* POT ALL OVER TOWN LOOKIN' FOR WORK, JUST TO PROTECT YOUR GIRLY *HOOVES!*
:CHOKE: BUT I DON'T MIND... I MEAN, I KNOW YOU'D DO THE SAME FOR ME, RIGHT? :COUGH:
I'M A BAD-A MOOSE, FRED FLOWER. I'M GOING TO MOOSE-A HELL.
OK, YOU-A WIN. I'LL-A WORK-A MY HOOFS TO THE BONE.
BUT YOU'VE-A STRAINED THE BONDS OF-A OUR FRIENDSHIP, FRED-A FLOWER. THIS IS A MISTAKE! THIS DAY WILL *HAUNT*-A YOU!
HAUNT MY BUTT.
SLAM!

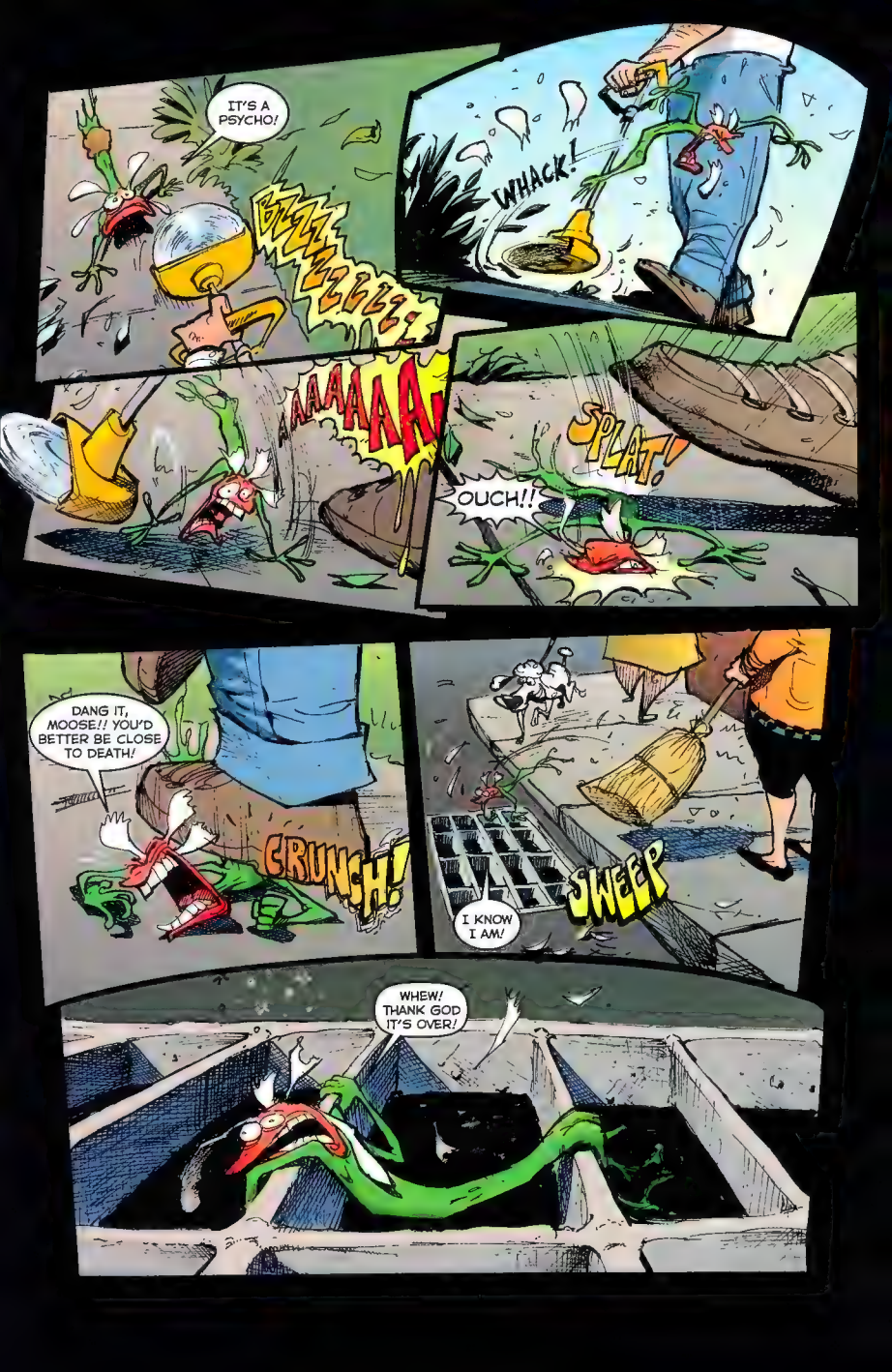
HEY, FRED, WHERE'S UNCLE MOOSE?
UNCLE ITALIAN MOOSE. HE'S AT THE FACTORY.
WHAT?!? BUT YOU PROMISED!!!
BACK OFF, BABE. YOU WANNA PAY OUR BILLS?
WHAT ABOUT HIS DREAMS?
CHUNG!
HE CAN DREAM AFTER WORK LIKE THE REST OF US.
NOW LISTEN UP. ASSEMBLE ALL SIX PARTS IN 1.2 SECONDS, THEN PULL BACK BEFORE THE METAL SHAFT SLAMS DOWN. THE SECRET IS RHYTHM. IF ANYTHING THROWS OFF YOUR TIMING...
CHUNK
...YOU WON'T BE PLAYING PIANO ANY MORE.

KA-CHUNK
KA-CHUNK
AH..
KA-CHUK
CHOO!
EEP
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD...
CAUTION
CAUTION
CALL THE AMBULANCE, MORT -- WE GOT ANOTHER ONE...

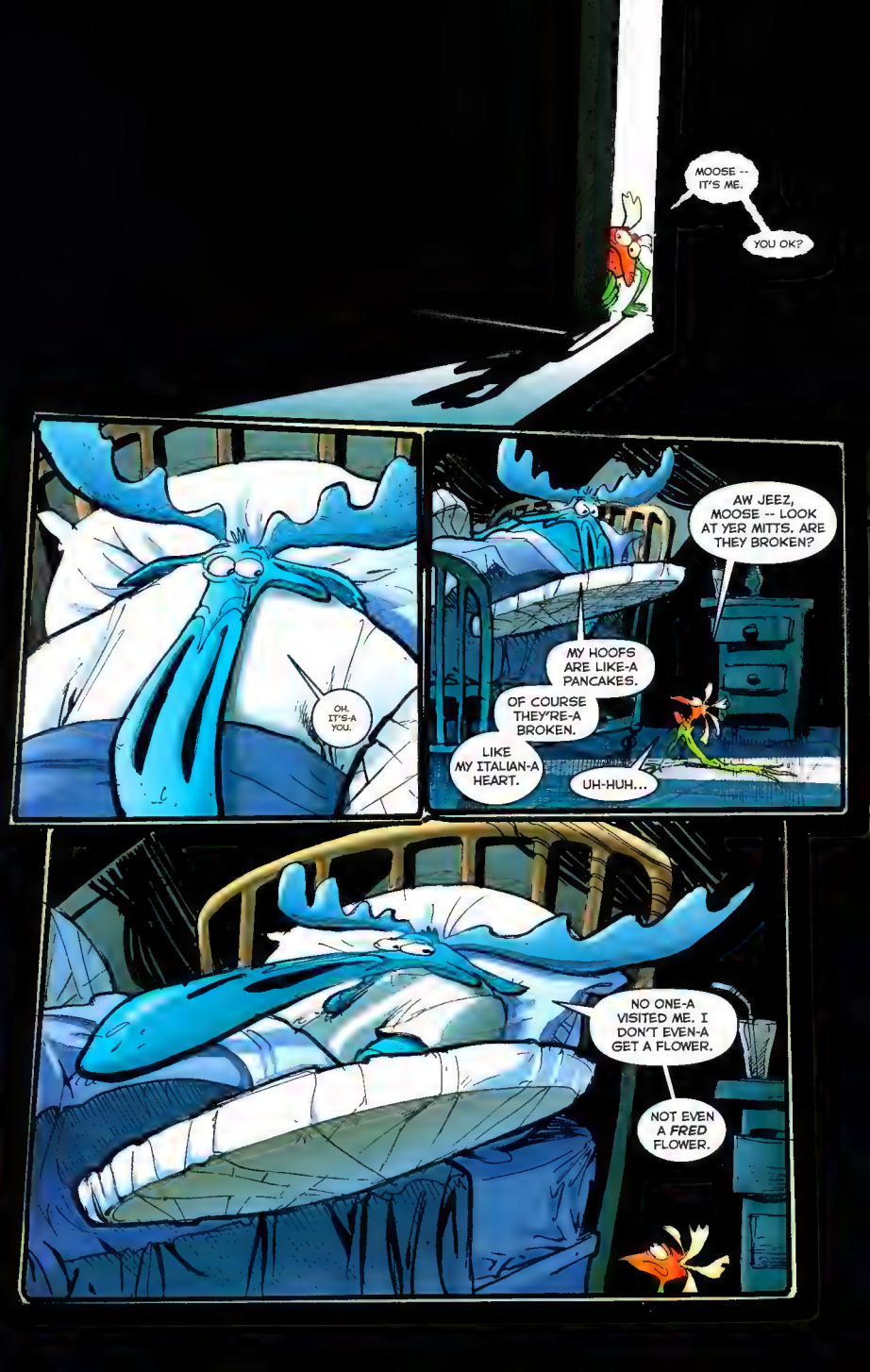
RAISE YA SIX.
OK, I'M IN. HOW 'BOUT YOU, SISTER? SHOOT -- THE PHONE.
I WRITE THE SONGS THAT MAKE THE YOUNG GIRLS CRY.
JUST A SECOND, GALS.
ARRRRIINNG
BOP BOP BOP
SPIT!
YES? THIS IS FRED FLOWER.
HOSPITAL?
THAT'S RIGHT, A FREAK ACCIDENT. IT'S YOUR ROOMMATE'S HOOVES.
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
MOOSE, UNCLE ITALIAN

THOSE CHICKS'LL BLAME *ME* -- I KNOW IT!
OK -- EVERYBODY OUT! GAME'S OVER!!! YOU LOSE!!!
*FRED!* WHAT'S THE DEAL?!?
UH -- THEY NEED MY ADVICE AT THE HOSPITAL. GOTTA GO!
WHOA!!!
GRE-A-A-T! NOW WHAT'LL I DO!?! EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO...

...ME.
GET WELL!
:SNIFF:
MAAANN, THIS HURTS!
RAW EXPOSED ROOTS.
AAAHHH!!!
HOPE HE'S OK. IF HE'S NOT... I'LL KILL 'IM!
LORD, NO.


IT'S A PSYCHO!
BZZZZZZZ!
WHACK!
AAAAAAA!
OUCH!!
SPLAT!
DANG IT, MOOSE!! YOU'D BETTER BE CLOSE TO DEATH!
CRUNCH!
I KNOW I AM!
SWEEP
WHEW! THANK GOD IT'S OVER!

Peeeee...
PEE. I LOVE PEE.
YOUR FRIEND NEVER SHOWED, HUH? SORRY.
WELL, GOOD NIGHT, MR. NORWEGIAN ELK.
THAT'S-A UNCLE ITALIAN MOOSE.
OOOOOOKLAHOMA, WHERE THE WIND COMES WHIPPIN' ;PANT PANT; DOWN THE PLAINS...
AMBULANCE
HOSPITAL
GREAT, NOW I'M SISTER MURRY.
HOME STRETCH, FRED ;GASP; -- HANG IN THERE!
SAID, HANG IN THERE.
OH.
HOW'S THAT?
ELEVEN


MOOSE -- IT'S ME.
YOU OK?
OH. IT'S-A YOU.
AW JEEZ, MOOSE -- LOOK AT YER MITTS. ARE THEY BROKEN?
MY HOOFS ARE LIKE-A PANCAKES.
OF COURSE THEY'RE-A BROKEN.
LIKE MY ITALIAN-A HEART.
UH-HUH...
NO ONE-A VISITED ME. I DON'T EVEN-A GET A FLOWER.
NOT EVEN A *FRED* FLOWER.

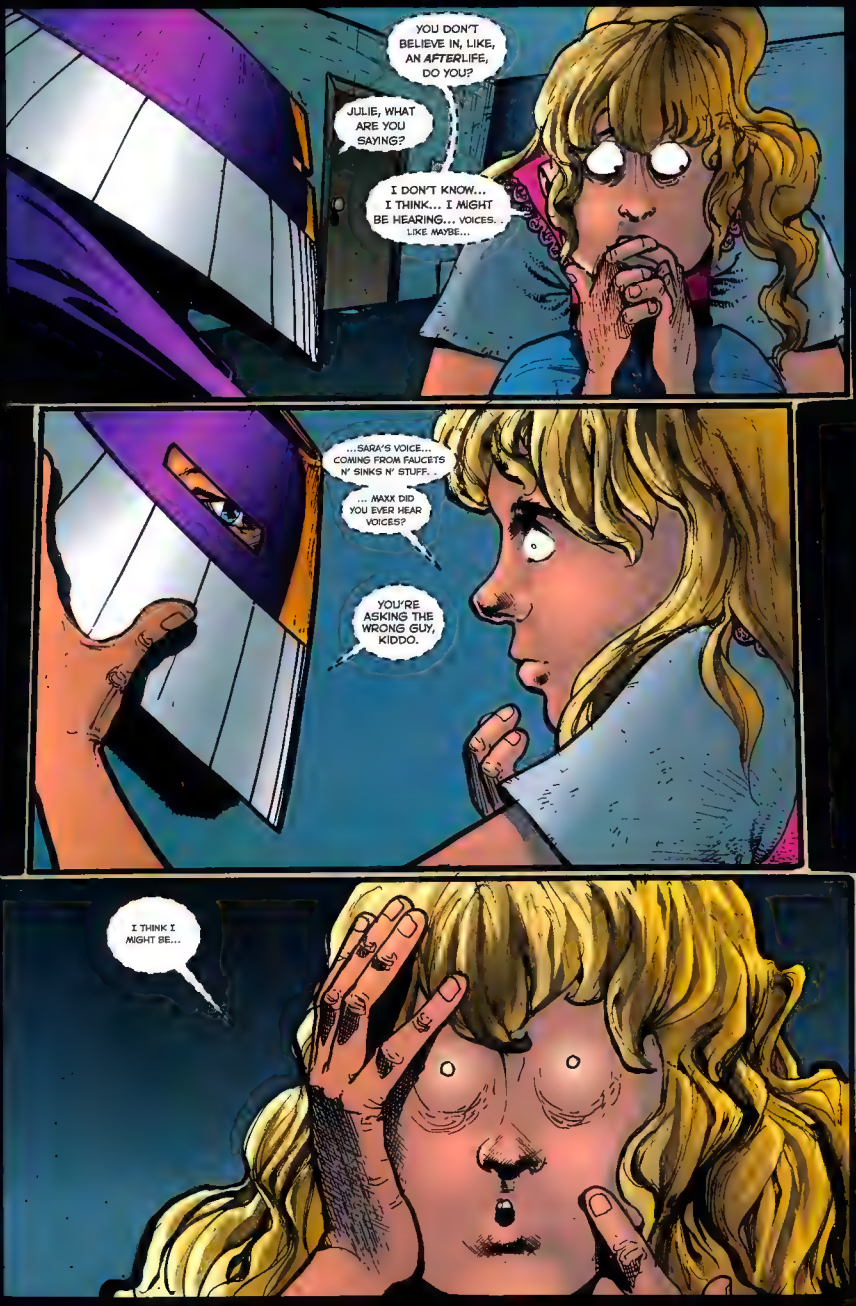
I CAN'T BELIEVE I BUSTED MY POT GETTING HERE, AND YOU DON'T EVEN CARE!
IT'S YOUR OWN-A FAULT, FRED FLOWER. YOU BROKE-A YOUR PROMISE. YOU MAKE-A ME WORK, AND I SQUISH-A MY HOOFS.
DON'T MOVE! I'M GONNA CRAWL UP THERE AND BEAT THE LIVING CRAP OUT OF YOU!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I WENT THROUGH FOR YOU!
EVER LOST A PETAL TO A WEED EATER?
IT HURTS, PAL!
I'M HURTIN' HERE!
WHY SHOULD I APOLOGIZE TO-A YOU?
BUT, UH, I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY. JUST GIVE ME A PIGGYBACK RIDE, AND LET'S BLOW THIS JOINT.
NOW WE-A EVEN. BECAUSE OF-A YOU, I'VE DRAWN MY LAST-A TEENY HEAD. YOU NOT-A MY FRIEND, FRED FLOWER!
GET-A OUT!

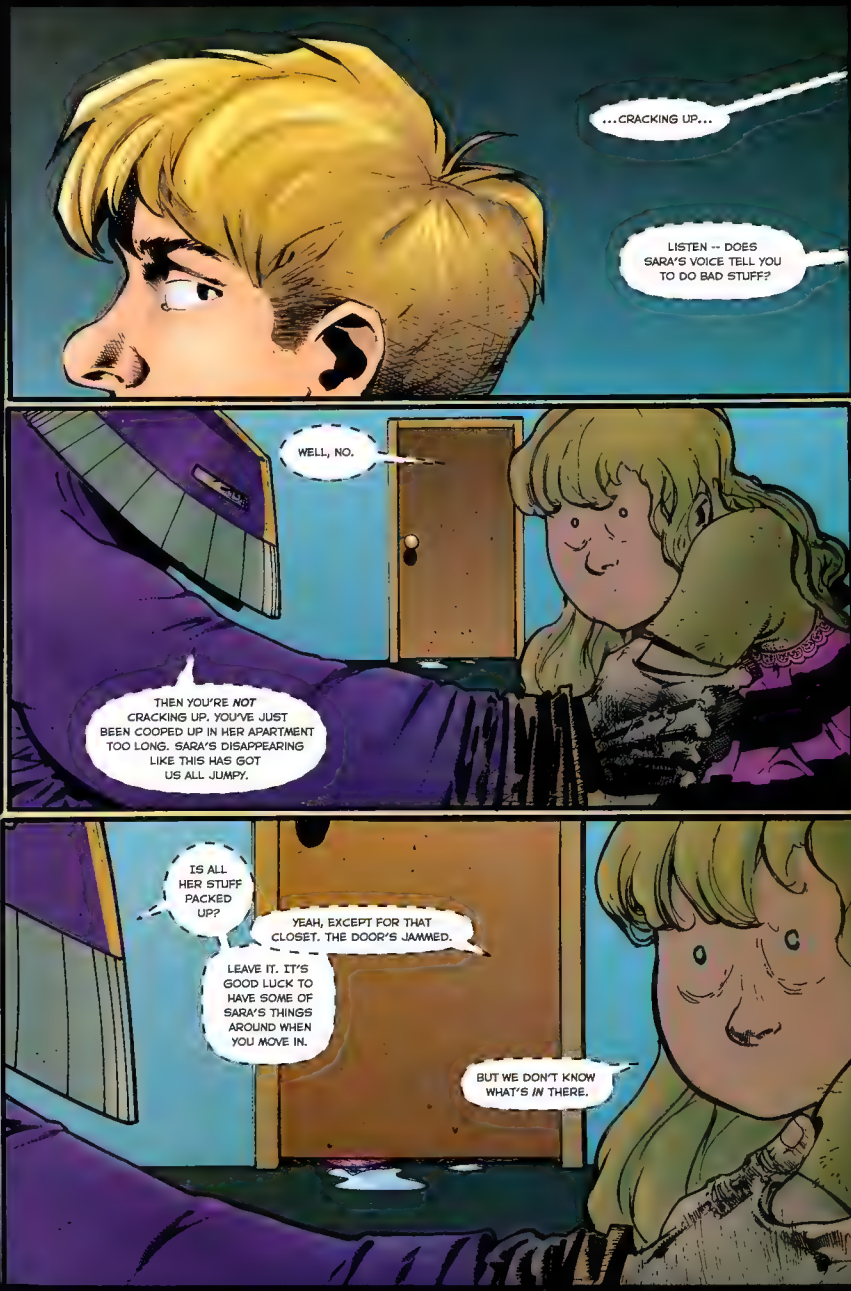
A-LATER
HEY, MOOSE. YOU BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL YET?
HELLO? YOU HOME? TAKIN' A DUMP?
GUESS NOT.
MAYBE HE MOVED OUT...
HE'S GONE. I FINALLY PUSHED HIM TOO FAR. HE'S LEFT FOR GOOD.
HEY! I SHOULD BE HAPPY! SCREW ROOMMATES! I'M A BACHELOR NOW -- CHICKS N' PIZZA EVERY NIGHT!
AND NO MORE MOOSE!!!!!
AWWW, I'M KIDDIN' MYSELF. THAT MOOSE IS THE CLOSEST THING TO A FRIEND I'VE GOT. WELL, THERE'S REGINA AND THE NUN... BUT THEY'RE CHICKS...
MOOSE, IF YOU'D JUST COME BACK, THIS FLOWER WOULD CHANGE.
I'D BE A BETTER FLOWER...
... A BETTER FRED.

I GOT LOVE, MOOSE, RIGHT HERE IN MY HEART. I'M SORRY.
SPAGHET
I'M-A HOOOOME!!!
ER... HOW LONG YOU BEEN STANDIN' THERE?
YOU SPENT YOUR PIGGYBANK MONEY ON GROCERIES!?!
THAT'S IT ?!?!? TWO BAGS OF GROCERIES? WE COULD'VE SETTLED FOR...
JUST GOT-A HOME.
DIDN'T-A HAVE TO. MY WORKERS-A COMP MONEY GAVE-A ME THESE!
I WAS-A HUNGRY...

THAT'S-A IT!!! I-A SCREWED UP AGAIN! MY CAREER IS-A OVER. NO MORE-A DREAMIN' FOR ME. BACK-A TO THE FACTORY!
PLOP
PLOP!
WELL, GUESS THIS IS WHERE YOU EXPECT ME TO "GO GIRLY" ON YA AND APOLOGIZE. WELL, FORGET IT!
I LOVE-A YOU TOO, FRED-A FLOWER.
BIENVENIDOS A SABADO GIGANTE!
SABADO GIGANTE... NOW *THERE'S* A SHOW.
THE END

FRED FLOWER AND UNCLE ITALIAN MOOSE SHOW
SO THAT'S IT? WHAT A LAME SHOW! THE MOOSE HAS TO GO BACK TO WORK AND FORGO HIS DREAMS, AND THE FLOWER CONTINUES TO BADGER HIM? THEY'RE NO BETTER OFF THAN BEFORE!
I LIKE IT. IT REMINDS ME OF YOU AND MOM.
EXCEPT I'M THE MOOSE.
NO, I'M THE MOOSE.
LISTEN, MAXX. WE GOTTA TALK. SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.
YEAH -- YOUR SECOND CHANCE. YOU SHOULD STAY HERE IN SARA'S PLACE. STEVE PAID THE RENT FOR THREE MONTHS. IT'D GET YOU OFF THE STREETS.
SHH. KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN -- I DON'T WANT MARK TO HEAR THIS. WHAT I MEAN IS, I THINK I'M HAVING SOME PROBLEMS. EITHER I'M GOING NUTS, OR THE WORLD IS.
OK, GO ON...


YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN, LIKE, AN *AFTER*LIFE, DO YOU?
JULIE, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I DON'T KNOW... I THINK... I MIGHT BE HEARING... VOICES. . . LIKE MAYBE...
...SARA'S VOICE... COMING FROM FAUCETS N' SINKS N' STUFF. .
... MAXX DID YOU EVER HEAR VOICES?
YOU'RE ASKING THE WRONG GUY, KIDDO.
I THINK I MIGHT BE...


...CRACKING UP...
LISTEN -- DOES SARA'S VOICE TELL YOU TO DO BAD STUFF?
WELL, NO.
THEN YOU'RE *NOT* CRACKING UP. YOU'VE JUST BEEN COOPED UP IN HER APARTMENT TOO LONG. SARA'S DISAPPEARING LIKE THIS HAS GOT US ALL JUMPY.
IS ALL HER STUFF PACKED UP?
YEAH, EXCEPT FOR THAT CLOSET. THE DOOR'S JAMMED.
LEAVE IT. IT'S GOOD LUCK TO HAVE SOME OF SARA'S THINGS AROUND WHEN YOU MOVE IN.
BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S *IN* THERE.

WELL, WHATEVER IT IS...
...HOW BAD COULD IT BE?...
MEEP!

**HEY—we still need black and white art for Maxx Traxx!!! Everybody's sending in color stuff, but we need more b/w. Don't be shy. Send 'em along. Letters, too—always letters. Your chances of having a letter printed in The Maxx are better now than ever.**

**We finally got Ish's 7-12 together into The Maxx trade paperback #2, which is in the stores as we speak. Check it out.**

**You may remember the Flower and the Moose from Ish 21; we finally got around to doing their story in this issue. Thanks to Dave Feiss for drawing/co-writing it!! Next ish: back to more Mx and Friends' shenanigans.**

Dear Senor Kieth,

I just finished ish 26 and 27 and I think I've figured out the correlation between the isz and the exploding fairies. The blind aborigine children in ish 26 are a manifestation of Gone's first child, Phred. But since the aborigine tribe never existed, we might conclude that the Australian Outback Gone visited was possibly his own Outback. Now the question is: does everyone have their own isz-like creatures in their own Outback, or are Gone and Iago, shall we say, bringing these isz/exploding fairies into Sara's and Julie's outbacks?

Also, if exploding fairies are to Sara what isz are to Julie, then is Iago to Sara what Mr. Gone is to Julie? In other words, are Iago and Mr. Gone kindred?

Your bewildered reader,
Chim-Chim Smith
San Luis Obispo, CA

P.S. What the Hell does "Chung" mean?

**Read on—**

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Hello. My name is Robyn Willis and I enjoy reading *The Maxx*. For a year now, I have been trying to find out what the story's foundation might have been based on, if based on anything. I think I found it. The theories/essays from psychologist C.G. Jung is my guess. When I first started reading some of Jung's essays, I recalled the CHUNG! CHUNG! on the pages of the comic. At the time that I read the comic, I thought it was the sound Maxx makes when he is walking. But, could Jung and Chung have something to do with each other?

As an artist, you probably won't disclose where your story came from, but if you could, would it be possible for you to write me and let me know if I'm correct? Please feel free to include any insights of your own that might have been used in the story. If I am totally wrong, you might be interested in the book I'm currently reading, *Man and His Symbols* by C. G. Jung.

Thank you for your time,
Robyn Willis
Huntington Beach, CA

**Chung is Jung? Huh? Oh, well—sounds good to me...**

Dear Sam Kieth,

This is an urgent letter call! In *Maxx Traxx* of ish 26, there was an art piece by an artist named Chris Robinson from Britte, MT who submitted a drawing of Sara. Do you have any information about how I could get in touch with him—I'm thinking of trying to write a story with him as the artist.

Sincerely,
Jimbo
P.O. Box 12451
Santa Barbara, CA 93107

**Sorry—can't give out his address, but there's yours in case he (she?) wants to get in touch.**

Dear Sam Kieth,

Last week I discovered The Maxx. (Wheeeee-hoo!!!) My cool fifteen year old son was watching a tape he'd made of the TV version, and I happened by. A couple of those gorgeously designed frames and I was hooked. By the next day, I had got hold of issues 1-13, shared my find with my senior English classes (who now think I'm not only weird but cool), and put in an order at the local comic store.

Man, by now you certainly don't need an ex-Brit Canadian middle-aged mom/English teacher to tell you what a delicious thing you have made—but what the heck; I'll do it anyway.

When I saw *The Maxx*, one of those shivery-up-your-back things happened. So I researched, like a good academic, and consulted the exxperts: *Is this just one among many? Is it derivative? Is there a source? What do the contemporaries look like? Just who is this guy anyway?* I looked; I learned, all the time feeling guiltily like an untrusting wife going through her husband's pockets.

Well, to cut a long story short, I still love *The Maxx* just as much—I should have trusted my instincts; after all, Reader Response Crit. *is* where it's at (although Deconstructing Maxx, Gone and Julie would be fun...)

Eva Burkowski
Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada

**Thanks.**

Dear Sam,

I just read ish #28 and really like the "fairy tale" effect, though, to be honest, I am still totally stuck on issue 26.

I'm not proud to say that, like most everyone I know, I, too, was abused as a child. I thought I came out of the whole mess OK...maybe a little odd feeling...maybe with so much as an inferiority complex which I am still defeating, but over a period of time I discovered another problem. I didn't think a lot of it until I read issue 26...what's the problem, you wonder?

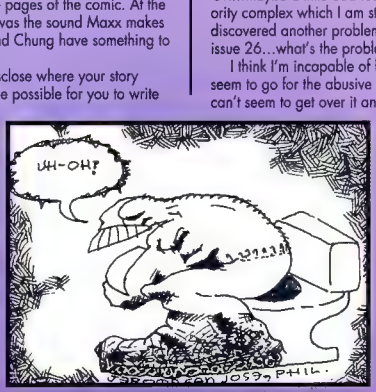
I think I'm incapable of having a normal relationship. I always seem to go for the abusive guys that make me feel like dirt, and I can't seem to get over it and find a normal guy.

I respect Mr. Gone for trying to have a normal relationship after such a horrible past, but I'm afraid I'm not so brave...I haven't been in any kind of relationship for around two years and I really think it's going to stay that way forever for my own safety from myself.

Obsessive Maxx fan,
Name withheld by request

P.S. If my attacker ever showed up at my front door, realistically I'd have a heart attack and die, but not so realistically I'd blow his brains out with my wimpy little 45.

**No kidding. So would I. And I wouldn't be so sure about your "lack of bravery."**




**Jerome San Jose, Philippines**

**NOW FOR A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT *FRIENDS OF MAXX*, MAY IT REST IN PEACE:**

Dear Maxx,

I really love your comics. I especially like #3 (FOM). You should have your comic be more about you than about your friends. I mean, they are cool and all, but you are too.

Sincerely,
Ryon Hallman
Troy, NY

**Maxx says thanks.**

Dear Sam,

Sorry about FOM. I like to think that each Mxhd is a FOM. I buy other comics, but *Maxx Traxx* is the only letter page I read with the same passion as the comic itself.

Suggestion: Maybe you could make FOM a once a year thing and make half of the book fan art. Sort of a really big *Maxx Traxx*. Just a thought.

Question: The Paramount movie development—how's that going? *Tramps and Vamps*—what number was Julie in, and the *Gay Comics*, what number was Sara in? I hear you were doing something with *X-Files* next year: True or false?

Mike Petite
Verona, NJ

**The movie deal is still in development. *Tramps and Vamps* is a gen-you-ine book by Camille Paglia (not a comic); Maxx does a cameo in the back. Sara appeared recently in *Gay Comics*. *X-Files?* No comment.**

Dear Sam, the Maxximum plot man,

I vote no on changing the past. Granted, the "can't change your past" story is old, but the "*do* change your past, now see this alternate history" story is old by now too. Time travel is best left to *Doctor Who*, the only ongoing series I've ever seen that does it well, whether it's on TV or elsewhere. Now, if only someone besides Marvel would do something with it...sigh...so, anyway, the best answer is to have Maxx and Julie and Sara in Mark's story, the same way Maxx and Julie are in Sara's story now (though Gone is right insofar as Dave putting on the Maxx costume again).

Mark Spera's letter irritates me in the same way as an earlier writer did, who wrote that "no one is a loser." Both are wrong, because both make sweeping statements about *Maxx* fandom, treating them collectively rather than as individuals. Fortunately, the best answer to Spera is another letter in the same *Traxx*, specifically K.M.C.'s. She proves why people can "bitch and moan" to Sam "all day," so long as you, Sam, are willing to listen (although in her turn, K.M.C. makes her own mistake, blaming society for her rape, rather than the individual who raped her. There's that individual versus collective thing again).

However, neither of these points is my main reason for writing. My big reason is to campaign to save *FRIENDS OF THE MAXX!!* FOM is too good to let die! Yes, I know you can't juggle two books at once, even if you're only writing FOM and not doing the art. The Solution? Turn FOM into a rotating creator book like *Legends of the Dark Knight* or *Gen13 Bootleg*. It would be a lot easier for you, Sam, to approve of a writer and artist for each quarterly issue of FOM, than it would be to write it. Come on, don't let one of the few worthwhile spinoff books go under! All other FOM fans out there, write in to save FOM!!

Last but not least, it did my heart good to see Amado Rodriguez's artwork, depicting Dave Maxx and Norbert Maxx side by side.

Jay McIntyre
Doylestown, PA

**Sigh. For Neil you go to *SANDMAN* (or used to); for Hernandez Brothers you go to *LOVE AND ROCKETS;* and for story by me, you pick up...*Maxx*. Trust me.**

Dear Sam,

When questioned about a movie, you said you were working on it. And then I read you were planning on using real people. I sent a picture to prove I'm not totally psycho (only partially) and am a Julie Winters look-alike. I'd like to say I've also been told this by people who know *The Maxx*, either through the comic or MTV.

I admit I'm only an aspiring actress, but hey—can't I even get a one-line response, like "Yeah, right, you wouldn't even stand a chance if hell froze over, pigs flew, and cows ate people for fun while laughting over a mochaccino." So maybe it's selfish of me to want this, but everyone wants something.

Your slavishly waiting Julie look-alike Maxxhead,

Heather Brooke Mattson
Broomfield, CO

**OK—IF there's a *Maxx* movie, and IF I get any say in it, then you'll be in the movie. No guarantees you'll be Julie, though.**

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Well, it looks as if Sara's story is reaching its climax and therefore will be ending soon. Where will *The Maxx* go from here? Mark Winters and his Outback? If so, be careful. The appeal of Julie's story was in us figuring out what the Outback was and what it meant. When the Sara story began, we all knew what the Outback was but still wanted to see it from another character's view, sort of establishing the rule in *The Maxx* that "everybody has an Outback." But to begin the cycle again with Mark could end up turning the Outback into a cliche.

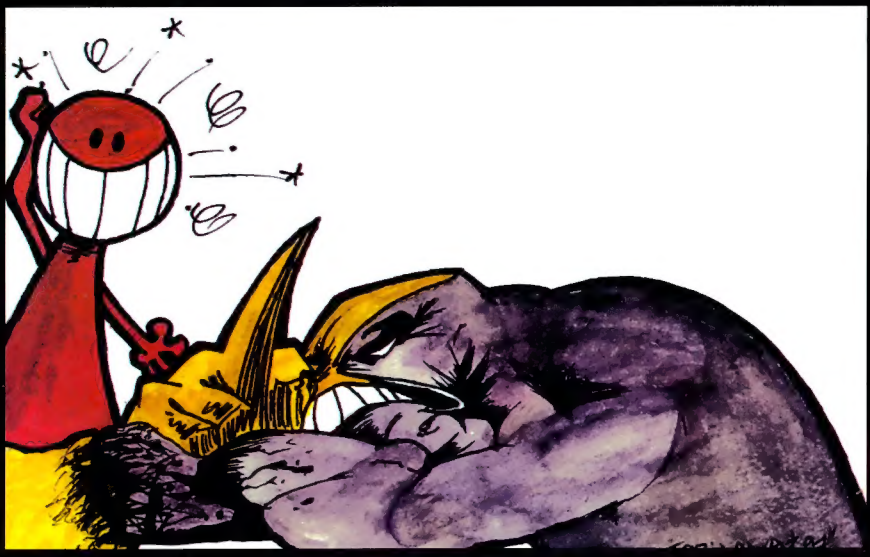
So, where do I think the story should go from here? Don't worry, I'm going to tell you...whatever you may choose to do, DON'T GET RID OF GONE. Mr. Gone is one of the most fascinating villain/heroes I've ever encountered in any book, comic or otherwise; he's right up there with Cap'n Ahab and Claude Frollo. He absolutely cannot die or "retire" and putter around his trailer for the rest of his life...at least not now. There's just so much ground you can still cover, both in his past and in his future. It may seem that his whole story was laid out in #26, but what is his connection with the government? There's that reference in #19 that "the G-men" sent him to Australia, though nothing more was ever said. And Alan Moore's wacky secret agents and their interest in Artie...I realize that you may want to ignore Alan's contribution, but to do so would leave a major mystery unexplained, and we readers really hate that. I can just see a future issue opening with Artie on the run from his twisted past, sitting in a lonely diner or train station (I love train stations) reflecting on life, the universe, and everything...

If you can't already tell, WE LOVE MR. GONE. Of all your characters, he is the one who has perhaps grown in our minds beyond your original intentions. We love him because he's the guy, once an ordinary, midwestern-looking fellow, who just stepped out of human society and found something darker and more mysterious on the other side, and could never be the same again. And his head rules. It's such a nice shape.

T. Pirtle and the M'Boro Maxxers
Murfreesboro, TN

**Don't worry. Gone's not going anywhere.**

**PS: HOUSEKEEPING DETAILS WE GET ASKED ALL THE TIME: No subscriptions or retail sales available/sorry. Use "Head-to-Head" to find back issues/fan clubs/whatever (use the address in the indicia)/postcards are cheap and easy like us, WRITE LEGIBLY. No we don't print all the letters or art we get/too many, yes SAM DOES read them ALL. You might get answered or printed or edited/you might not/life's funny that way. B&W art has better chance of being published than color. Can't return artwork/sorry. Keep 'em coming/the better the letters and submissions, the better the book! Oh yeah.**



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